

# The Republican.

No. 18, VOL. 8.] LONDON, Friday, Nov. 7, 1823. [PRICE 6d.

TO SIR CHARLES ABBOTT, KNIGHT, CHIEF  
JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, Nov. 2, 1823.  
I ADDRESS you once more, in consequence of some observations reported to have fallen from you on the Mock Trial of Joseph William Trust, in the Court of King's Bench, Guildhall, London, on Thursday the 30th October.

You are reported to have said, that it was unlawful even to say that the Christian Religion was not founded in truth; and that Mr. Trust was a personal instance of the evil tendency of such books, as "Palmer's Principles of Nature," upon the minds of young men.

There is nothing can afford a greater proof of the badness of the cause which you are endeavouring to prop, by your assistance in these prosecutions for alleged blasphemous publications, than the contradictions which you have, from time to time, to put forth from the Bench. When I was before you, and pronounced that there was no law where upon to try the matter of the Attorney General's Record, you readily offered to hear from me any argument to that effect: but the fact was, that I was then incapable of extempore argument upon the subject, and was not precisely prepared with the necessary written argument. I went into Court careless about every thing beyond the determination to read Paine's Book through to the Jury. But recollecting what you said to me about the argument against the law of the matter, I advised Mr. Trust to be prepared with such an argument, and to rest his defence upon it. The argument which he offered to you, though you refused to hear it at the proper time, is now in print, and I challenge you, and every Lawyer in England, to controvert its statements. You may, from time to time, brush aside such arguments: but you may rely on it, that the time will come when you

will be obliged to listen to them, if your life be spared a few more years. They will force themselves upon the public attention, and from that to yours: and then your character will begin to be seen in its proper light. It is quite enough for me to say here, that the words *Christian Religion* and *Almighty God* are words which you, the Chief Justice of England, cannot define, and consequently, what you cannot define and describe, you cannot shew to be a part of law.

On the trials of William Tunbridge, of Mrs. Wright, of my sister, and myself, and at the times of our receiving sentence, it has been plainly stated as lawful for any man to discuss the question of the truth or falsehood of the Christian Religion, so that it be done temperately and free from reviling and reproach. On Thursday last, you are reported to have said, that it was unlawful to discuss the question at all; for such is the inference of your words, when you say it is unlawful to pronounce it untrue. Discussion implies an assertion, both of truth and falsehood; and the object of the discussion is to shew to which of these contrary characters the subject belongs; therefore, if the law tolerates any kind of discussion upon the Christian Religion, it cannot be contrary to law to say the Christian Religion is untrue: for one side of the question cannot be taken without setting down the assertion as the head of the argument. Your assertion leads you into a labyrinth of error; and upon your present view of the matter, the law is at war with itself, statute against statute, and against the Common Law; for every species of indulgence and toleration, towards every species of dissenter from the Christian Religion as it was understood at some particular period, must be contrary to law. You will go on with your jargon about what the law is upon the subject of the Christian Religion, until you get all these dissenters about your ears; and then good bye to your prosecutions; for the Government itself is obliged to bend the knee to these breakers of your definition of law upon the matter of the Christian Religion. There are now three printed subjects upon this matter, to which I defy you to give an answer, the Speech of Mrs. Wright, the Defence of William Tunbridge, and the Argument against the Competency of the Court to try, offered to you by Mr. Trust.

As to what you said about the young man being a personal instance of the evil tendency of such publications as "Palmer's Principles of Nature," I reply, that though I have no personal knowledge of Mr. Trust, I know him only by

report and through a letter correspondence, I know enough of "Palmer's Principles of Nature" to know that such books have not done him the slightest injury. I dare you to prove that "Palmer's Principles of Nature" contains an immoral sentence, unless it be copied from your Holy Scriptures. As I have no personal knowledge of Mr. Trust, I leave him to defend himself against your slander; but I will defend "Palmer's Principles of Nature" before you, or any Judge, or any Jury, that can be found or formed in England. You may go on to denounce it, and I will go on to publish it; quite content that *that* part of the public which is capable to judge of this book shall judge between you and me—quite content that our children and posterity generally shall judge of who was right and who was wrong, in your opposition to me and mine to yours—quite content to suffer over again all that I have suffered to oppose your malice in this instance. You may rob and you may imprison me; but you shall never stop the sale of this publication which you condemn. I have now a new edition of it to offer to the public at less than half of its former price: and I know, that, if I were to refrain from selling it, there are others who would print the work immediately for private sale, from the mere love of the profit it would produce. I tell you again, that I will eventually beat you out of these prosecutions. Instead of such publications carrying an evil tendency with them, I could lead you to some men sitting at the looms of Lancashire and Yorkshire, whose conversations on matters of moral philosophy would soon convince you of inferiority, and that in studying law you have not acquired knowledge. Here and there a dissolute man may be found who professes to reject Christianity: **BUT HAVE WE NO DISSOLUTE CHRISTIANS? NO DISSOLUTE LAWYERS? NO DISSOLUTE JUDGES?**

RICHARD CARLILE.

P. S. Since writing the foregoing, I have seen the following report, in another paper, of what you addressed to the Jury in Mr. Trust's case. *You hoped the period was now fast arriving, when the novelty of these publications would lose, as you felt they were losing, their attraction for the innocent and industrious classes; and you congratulated the Jury on the prospect that this might possibly be one of the last efforts they might have to make in defence of the insulted laws and religion of the country.*

If this be a true report, I understand it all very well. It may be the last prosecution: and this will be the proof of my triumph. I have now all the publications of the kind that have been prosecuted on open sale; and I have further, moral and respectable young men, offering themselves from all parts of the country, to defy prosecution and sell them. Leave the thing alone, and you will find that it will work quietly and without any kind of noise; and so it would have done in the first instance. It was the prosecutions that created the great attraction. You have not gained a point by them: and though I and my friends have encountered a prodigious mass of suffering, we have defeated you even in the midst of your own fancied victories! FREE DISCUSSION WE WILL HAVE: and the discussion on our side would have been carried on with a becoming temper if we had not been opposed to the malicious oppressions of villains in power.

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#### TO LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ABBOTT.

MY LORD,

Oct. 31, 1823.

THE Lord Chief Justice, who was the immediate predecessor of your Lordship, in the chair, which you now occupy; but do not adorn, as he did, by learning and by eloquence, though you fully equal him in irritability of temper, when contradicted; and in arbitrary proceedings contrary to the fundamental laws of this country, would never, in the plenitude of his power, have been guilty of the gross act of tyranny which you have this morning exercised towards me, when standing on my Trial, for a production accused of blasphemy. An indignant public, however, shall be made acquainted with my case. Your Lordship, instead of me, shall this day be arraigned before that grand tribunal of moral justice, which is seated in the breasts of the British public. And I will not anticipate your sentence, as you did mine, but leave it to them to pronounce your sentence, as soon as I shall have stated my case. Not to speak, and to speak out boldly, upon such an occasion as the present, would be to acknowledge, in the face of all England, that I am guilty of having sold a book which you, in the language of stuttering, stammering falsehood, and with a face as pale as the consciousness of iniquity could make it, denominated beyond all doubt so unquestionably blasphemous, that you were certain no Counsel could be prepared to defend it; thus by the same murderous blow, maliciously wounding both me and the learned Counsel, a gentleman, who had come into Court to prove my innocence, to the satisfaction of the Jury, whom you suffered to hear in silence on

my part the charges against me. Your Lordship was aware that my learned Counsel was not to be intimidated from his purpose by the frowns of bigotry, or by the arbitrary decisions of ignorance.

It was not my Lord in my intentions, by the mouth of my Counsel, to plead to the jurisdiction of the Court, although it should be known to all England that the Court of King's Bench arrogates in the case of blasphemy a jurisdiction which it has no right to claim. I stood this morning prepared for my defence upon substantial grounds, which would have been urged by an ingenious Counsel, with a force of argument and a power of language that would by no means have contributed to add a fresh smile to your Lordship's face. But your Lordship wisely foresaw the storm gathering, and would not wait for the explosion; and yet, although, it did not enter into my thoughts to plead to the jurisdiction of the Court, I had learned from him, (what he himself would have mentioned incidentally in his address to the Jury, had he not, in a tyrannical manner, been prevented from speaking) that the power of the King's Bench, in cases of this nature, was an usurped authority. He had pointed it out to me in the books, and I will not withhold it from the public, in order that they may be made acquainted with their rights, and courageously assert them, whenever a fit opportunity is presented. The following are the words in the reports of law, Coke, 5th Vol. in the celebrated case of Caubrey.

" So in causes ecclesiastical and spiritual, as namely, blasphemy, apostacy from Christianity, heresies, schisms, &c., and others, (the conusance whereof belong not to the Common Laws of England) the same are to be determined and decided by ecclesiastical Judges, according to the King's ecclesiastical laws of this Realm: for that as before it appeareth the deciding of matters so many, and of so great importance, are not within the conusance of the Common Laws."

And now, my Lord, I will state the gross injury I have sustained from your Lordship this morning, and which I call the most impudent act of injustice ever committed by a Judge, since the establishment of our present constitution.

On the 3d of Dec. 1821, I was suddenly arrested upon a Judge's warrant and sent to Newgate, where I was imprisoned two months; I was then called to plead to the indictment, and was admitted on bail. The charge was for publishing and uttering a blasphemous and profane libel, with an intent, &c. This morning at half past nine, my Counsel attended to conduct my defence. The junior Counsel for the prosecutors, the Society for the Suppression of Vice, opened the indictment. Mr. Gurney the senior Counsel, detailed to the Jury the circumstances of the case, pronouncing it beyond all doubt a libel, scandalous, impious, blasphemous, and profane: stating, at the same time, that the long delay of this Trial, now two years, was imputable to me, not to the

prosecutors, which I could have proved to have been false. As soon as Mr. Gurney sat down, the witness to prove the sale of the work was called for, and after some pretended expectation of his arrival, (during which time Mr. Gurney, in vain endeavoured to suppress a smile, which sufficiently indicated the preconcerted plan) his Lordship, Chief Justice Abbott, began to address the Jury; when Mr. French my Counsel immediately rose up, and being authorised by me, stated that I admitted the publication and the sale, and that he was prepared without any subterfuge to enter upon my defence. No, said his Lordship, although you wave it, I will not: it shall not go on, a verdict of acquittal must be recorded.

Now, in order to have a clear view of the glaring injustice of this procedure, let us suppose that it was a case of a more contaminating nature than this undefinable charge of blasphemy; let us suppose that it had been for swindling, could I, conscious of innocence, be condemned, in silence, to hear a long philippic with every foul falsehood heaped up against me, and then expect, in addition to this, that the Judge should arise (knowing that the Trial was at an end) to add his share of falsehood and malignity to the fee'd tongue of my calumnious prosecutors, by impressing upon the Jury, that though the witness against me did not appear, yet my guilt was too manifest; that I had been guilty of swindling, and that no Counsel could be found to defend so palpable a charge, at the same time that my Counsel stood there to defend me and boldly avowed it? Let me ask what redress have I for such an outrage on the laws of justice, I do not mean those entangled laws of artificial justice, that require "the lucubrations of four and twenty years to be able to comprehend them," but those primary laws of justice acknowledged by all men of common understanding in all nations? Am I to bring an action? Am I to bring an indictment? I am ready most undoubtedly, and most eager to obtain justice; but how shall I obtain justice in a country where, in addition to the uncertainty of procuring it at all on that ground, its very sources are polluted, and where the immensity of the expences would reduce me to beggary in the attempt. No! all that I should obtain by an attempt to procure justice would be a packed Jury, and the triumph of a sardonic grin from the very Judge, who has this day proclaimed, that, in the face of all England, without Trial, without Jury, I was condemned; and with the same breath, in mockery of all justice and truth, and sacred oaths, proclaimed, that a verdict of Not Guilty must be recorded.

J. JONES.

## TO THE VICE SOCIETY.

CENSORS, Oct. 31, 1823.

THE disgraceful defeat you met in the Court of King's Bench this morning, will, I should think, deter you from any further attempts at such proceedings. That case, I think, will be the last of the kind: for it was evident that the Chief Justice was afraid to go into the case, and was glad of the opportunity of the absence of your witness to quash the proceedings, or rather to record a verdict of not guilty.

This I should hope, will be the death blow to the wicked system of prosecuting for matters of opinion; and that now, men will be left to enjoy in tranquillity, opinions imposed upon them by necessity.

The object of the conductors of your Society is to get money. They do not care whether the opinions be right or wrong, they are lawyers and want work; and as long as they get support from the subscribers and are countenanced by judges, they will hunt out individuals for prosecution; but when these shall be withdrawn, they will cease to exert themselves, and will not care a farthing about the morals of society.

It appeared clear to me that the Lord Chief Justice and the Counsel employed by you, dreaded the powerful eloquence of Mr. French my Counsel, and I have some reason to believe that they had concerted the plan to quash the proceedings. I have no reason to believe that Mr. Pritchard had any wish to have it quashed, for he seemed dreadfully mortified at the decision of the judge, and seemed to lug out his money with a great deal of reluctance.

Mr. French is a Barrister of long standing, and one who will add lustre to the profession when he becomes established. He has been on the Continent for many years, which is the reason he has never pleaded at the bar. He is a man of the first-rate talents, and an accomplished scholar; and the Lord Chief Justice well knew this, which made him dread the defeat by fair argument, which he would have been sure to have met; for Mr. French was well prepared to prove that that Court could not lawfully take cognizance of such a charge, and he would have urged it in such a strain of eloquence and incontrovertible facts, as must have carried conviction to the minds of the Jury that such a charge was not cognizable by any laws of the country.

My particular wish was to have had a fair trial, and I would rather the case had been decided against me, than that it should have been given up in such a cowardly manner as it was; but I was certain that the luminary I had brought into Court, would have obscured the whole of the existing judicial system, and would have ob-

tained for me an honourable acquittal: and for this reason I was anxious to have the case fairly discussed, to show to the country, that the Court of King's Bench has been exercising a power which does not belong to it.

The Lord Chief Justice appears to have found out that such prosecutions defeat their own object; and that instead of suppressing the sale of a work, they augment it in a ten-fold degree: which will be the case with the "Observations on Dr. Gregory's Letters," although the case was partially suppressed, still the proceedings will get abroad, and there will be a demand in proportion to the publicity given to it. People will say, that "if the arguments were weak they would refute them, but as they prosecute them, we must conclude that they are unanswerable." And this is, I do aver, the case with this work, and I challenge the whole Christian world to refute the arguments it contains, which I am confident they will not, nor cannot, do: because they have human reason for their base, which cannot be removed by the sophistry of Christian cant, nor judicial tyranny. I defy the whole of your Bishops and Clergy with their great chief at their head, (who is said to have made such havock with the poor Egyptians by plagues and lice and the destruction of their property) to refute this single pamphlet; and if they, and you to assist them, cannot do it, you must be a set of wicked animals to prosecute me for assisting in its publication.

Public opinion is the only tribunal competent to give a decision upon the merits or demerits of a book. The competency of this tribunal no man would question—universal assent would be given to its decisions; but to drag an author before a venal Judge who rules the whole Court with a nod, is the very worst of tyranny; for his interest is to support tyranny and delusion, because these generate crime, and if there were no criminals we should want no Judges; and consequently their existence depends upon crime. A Judge should have nothing to do with the publication of a book unless persons were compelled to take it and pay for it, (as is the case with Christianity); because a book is made up of words, which, if wrong, may be answered and exposed by words. A book, of whatever description it may be, if read by rational beings, can do no injury. The only case in which a book can do injury, is when it is addressed to irrational beings, and when it holds out encouragement to crime: in no other instance can it be injurious, in no other instance can it injure society. If I were to read a book that held up assassination as a virtue, I should not be any more an assassin after reading it than I was before; because common sense would tell me that assassination was a crime. The book that I have published ought to be read by the intelligent and the ignorant part of mankind as likely to benefit both. It contains none of those horrid and disgusting tales which are to be found in the Bible, the book which you associate to protect,

but which I am confident you would blush to hear read before your wives and daughters; for it contains such a mass of obscene stories, and couched in such a bad style, that must disgust any person who has got the least idea of what is termed modesty. If any book that ever was written is deserving of prosecution or prohibition, it is the Bible: for if the passions are to be excited by the recital of horrid tales; no book that I know of is so likely to have that effect as the Bible.

I believe that you are now defunct as a society; but if not, I challenge you again to the contest, and offer myself as a victim to your persecuting malice if you dare to enter the field again, by bringing me a second time to trial. I now tell you to your teeth, that I will sell the same book to any one of you, or to any agent that you think proper to send for it to 84 Fleet Street. Or if you will not accept this offer, I will bring it to your office, if you will send a note to say that you will purchase it. I mean this challenge for the Bridge Street gang as well as you, if they are in existence. Or if Mr. Attorney General chuse to have a war of words with me and my Counsel, we will meet him any time or any where; and if neither of you accept this challenge, we will hail the philosophic era of free discussion, and proclaim to the world our triumph.

In conclusion, I will just remind you that Mr. Gurney told a wilful falsehood when he stated to the jury that the delay had been occasioned by me, and not by the prosecutors. I pleaded a misnomer it is true; because the name of Clarke (which you had gratuitously given me, for want of knowing my name, when you caused me to be arrested) was attached to my own name on the indictment, and which I considered to be a stigma, and which occasioned my plea of misnomer. But this occasioned a delay of two terms only, and you know that six or seven terms have passed by before the case was brought to trial,

And then brought on, but to be scouted by  
The Judge's frowns, and lagging of your spy.

With the hope of speedily seeing you, as a society, annihilated,  
I remain the enemy of all such wicked censors.

JOHN JONES.

## FROM WHAT AUTHORITY SHOULD NEW POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS EMANATE?

THE question which heads this article has occurred from a reflection upon the grounds which Louis King of France had to say to his Legislative Chambers: "Let Ferdinand (of Spain) be free to give institutions to his people," &c. Ferdinand is now so far free as his brother Louis wishes him: but by what authority can a King give new political institutions to a people?

It is clearly proper, that political institutions should change or be added, agreeable to the wants of a people: but it is not so clear, that the power is within the province of a King to make those changes or to add those institutions.

A King, in every sense of the word, can be but one of the people; and he can hold no more *just power*, than that people, in themselves, or by their ancestors, might have delegated to him: and even that which he holds by custom or usage, if contrary to the interests and the will of a majority of the existing people, he holds unjustly.

A people is composed of a number of human beings: they want laws and want magistrates: but it does not follow, that they want *such laws* and *such magistrates* as are hostile to their welfare. It does not follow, that a bad law made five hundred years ago must still be binding on a more enlightened people, because it has once had existence. An existing people cannot be justly bound by any laws or customs of their ancestors, if those laws or customs be unjust. A King can hold no just power by succession: the very supposition is hostile to all purposes of good law and good magistracy. It binds a people to that to which they have never consented: instead of allowing them the just liberty of considering and acting upon what is beneficial to themselves.

Political institutions ought to be instituted but for one purpose—a common advantage to a people. Whether a good institution be suggested by a King, or by any other one or more of the people, is a matter of no consequence: the question is, whether one, or a small number of individuals, should have the power to put any institution in practice without the consent of the representatives of the whole people?

It is a common principle with mankind, not to object to that which they clearly see to be for their benefit; but it is

not so common a principle, that all do at the first view see the bearings of an institution or an act clearly: it is therefore necessary, that the matter should be a subject for deliberation. Deliberation being found necessary; it comes to be considered, who are they qualified to deliberate? Without offering any thing in the shape of argument, for or against, I will come at once to the conclusion, that they alone are the qualified persons who are chosen by the people in their majorities as their representatives: because, any thing short of this is an unjust monopoly of power and a matter of exclusive interest.

I yield the right to a King, the same as to any other private individual, to suggest what would be a good institution; but by no means would I suffer the matter to be carried into effect upon the strength of his individual judgment. I claim a higher power to accomplish such a suggestion: and that the highest power known to a people—*themselves, acting by their representatives.*

Ferdinand, the seventh, the present King of Spain, is, on all hands, allowed to be an ignorant, bigoted, cold-blooded man; and it follows, that, with absolute power, the institution which he would “be free to give,” would be such as correspond with his own passions, and his own judgment. I never heard any attempt to give Ferdinand any one good quality, but that of not adding hypocrisy to his other vices. He has been called a profound dissembler, but I cannot see his character in that light. Under the constitutional government, his power and his passions were circumscribed; and he was not free, he had not the power to act upon his own inclinations: nor can I learn that he was ever shy in acknowledging what were those inclinations. He is now free from all influence, but that of his confessor and the French Bourbons, and we shall soon see what sort of institutions this united family of Bourbons will be free to give to the people of Spain.

It is the duty of mankind to draw moral lessons from all great events; and the question now under consideration, combined with the events of this age, cannot be exceeded in magnitude or importance. Granting that the revolution in Spain was the result of a military insurrection; is it not clear that no military insurrection on the other side was competent to put down the constitution which had been set up? And is it not clear that the united efforts of Ferdinand, his priests, and his party, within the bosom of Spain, was not competent to the task of bringing about a counter-revo-

lution, if it was wrong that institutions should emanate from a military insurrection, can it be right that they should emanate from an invading army, and the weaker and more wicked part of a people? Let the enemies of the Spanish Constitution answer that?

The inference which I wish the reader to draw is: that political institutions will ever emanate from that party which has most power in a community: and that, to give the power to a real majority of the people, it is absolutely necessary to destroy the sectarianism and delusion which may exist among them, so that they shall only know each other as members of the one great community. Any species of party or sect, whether political or religious, can never exist for the benefit of a people as a whole. Every question, on which these parties rest, should turn upon the question of knowledge or ignorance; and by free discussion, so amalgamate the knowledge with the ignorance, as to leave but one party in existence. Nothing can be more scandalous and degrading than that which is called the **OPPOSITION PARTY** throughout this country. It means an opposition to whatever is done by the existing government, whether right or wrong, and constitutes *a settled hostility without a moral object*.

A King, as an individual, can never rank higher than one of the people: and with a truly moral and intelligent people, he would feel no more power than was delegated to him, even if they consented to suffer the title and office to exist.

RICHARD CARLILE.

#### A SPECIMEN OF THE COMFORTS OF BEING CONSIDERED A WISE MAN!

IT would puzzle a better head than mine to answer some of the questions which are often put to me: and I begin to find out, that one of the greatest misfortunes of life is to have the reputation without the merit of being a wise man. A Glasgow friend has sent me the following letter.

TO MR. RICHARD CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

SIR, Glasgow, Oct. 29, 1823.  
As I am a reader of your Republican, and see that you pay attention to any communication which has a tendency to assist philosophy, I make bold to trouble you with this letter.

I however differ with you in opinion concerning a first cause, as I consider it impossible that the universe could be created first and afterwards kept in continual motion without a directing power.

A circumstance has taken place in a village in the South of Scotland lately, (namely Newton Stewart) which I look upon as incontrovertible in putting this case beyond dispute.

A child was born in this place in the year 1817, his reputed father was for denying his connection with the woman, his mother, as he was a married man; and, as the story runs, said, he was determined to have nothing to do with her offspring, unless his name should be written in his forehead at his birth: consequently, ten days after the child's birth, as some one was looking at his eyes, he or they distinctly saw John Wood wrote round the right eye, and, born 1817, round the left. It is in capital letters round the pupil of the eye, where it is impossible the art of man could have to do with it. The pupil of the eye is *dark grey* and the letters white, resembling letters under a glass.

I saw the child this day, and observed clearly "John" on the one eye, and "1817" on the other. There were certainly as many letters on both eyes as would make out the rest of the words; but as the child was tormented with people, he would not keep his eyes steady, whilst one could trace the letters singly: but several gentlemen, who were in the room at the time, declared themselves satisfied; and I have no doubt but I could trace the rest of the letters but for my compassion for the child.

I considered it my duty to inform you of this, as circumstances will not suffer you to see such a prodigy. I wish you had seen it, as I think a great deal of your genius and perception. There will certainly be a learned report drawn up by our College here concerning the matter; but I had rather see your opinion of it than all that will be said on the subject.

I am, Sir, yours truly, *ALLAN MAC TADYEN*, a Deist.

Mr. Allan Mac Tadyen says that he differs with me in opinion concerning a first cause, as he considers it impossible that the universe could be created first, and afterwards kept in continual motion without a directing power.

Now the fact is, that Mr. Allan Mac Tadyen does not differ with me in opinion; because, I should also think it impossible, as he does, that a *created universe* could be kept in motion without a directing power. The only difference between us is, *that I, knowing nothing about a creation, do not talk about it.* If he can prove that the *universe* must have had a *creation*, then I will talk about it—and come to his conclusion as to a directing power. Every power is a directing power—it should have been stated a designing

power. I admit the existence of *an almighty directing power*; but I cannot see that it can be an animal with the organs of intellect and design. Whoever can see it to be so: let me intreat his instruction. A hint to J. E. C. of Westminster.

With respect to the child which Mr. Allan Mac Tadyen has seen at Newton Stewart, I have thus much to say: I should like to see it myself; for he confesses that he did not see all the words that were represented to be on the eyes. Admitting the thing to be a fact, that the child had the name of the father on its eyes, and the year of its birth; my conclusions would be, that it was the result of those longings in the mother which have certainly produced effects equally wonderful upon other children. It is stated, that during the pregnancy of the mother, the father said, that he would not acknowledge the child, unless it bore his name on its forehead. This circumstance would naturally cause agitation and deep reflection on the mind of the mother, and produce those sensations which arise from longings for other things. The cause of a hare lip, of a bacon face, of various other marks, is equally astounding to our senses, with these letters on the eyes of the child. It has been asserted, that a mother produced a black child, from the simple circumstance of a frequent laying on a sofa whilst in a state of pregnancy, and a constant contemplation of a picture of a black figure, or an emblem of Africa, that was placed on the opposite side of the room.

To me this seems to be a direct proof, that the nerves are the seat of the passions, and that, a deep contemplation on any object, whilst a woman is in a state of pregnancy, is a cause which produces an effect upon the infant in her womb: for, it seems both natural and rational, that the sensations of the mother should be communicated to the infant in the womb, which is actually nourished and grows as a part of her frame. Further speculations upon this subject I do not think it proper to make. Imagination will do a great deal when an imposture is set afloat; and I should like *ocular demonstration of this ocular prodigy* before I made up my mind upon the facts of the case. I certainly do not impute imposture here: I only think that they alone are the proper persons to handle the subject who have seen it. I hope Dr. Brewster will not fail to give his report upon this matter, after he has seen the child.

The next subject of enquiry is the following, sent to me

by a Yorkshire friend, who received it for that purpose from another.

In the Sun Newspaper of the 26th of last month there was an extract from the travels of a man lately made in Westmoreland, wherein he discovered some blocks of marble quite perpendicular, some of them four, some five, and some six sides, perfectly smooth, fitting one to another, as if set up by a most experienced mason. The writer is struck with admiration—he challenges the doctrine of chance, of nature, and of art to say that they are their work: and in fact he makes God the mason and the labourer. I think it would be a fine subject for Carlile, if he can explain the phenomenon; and to have it explained would be very satisfactory to every enquiring mind.

There are two questions upon which this affair of the marble blocks will turn. Were they hewn by man in former ages: as nothing is stated about the size? or are they the result of some crystallizing process, before their component parts were petrified? Crystallization has produced many things equally wonderful.

R. CARLILE.

TO MR. R. CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

DEAR SIR,

Cerne, Oct. 1, 1823.

Sit up, as you are in a dungeon, where you have no opportunity of knowing what passes in the world, except through the medium of your friends or the press. You will want no apology from me for troubling you with even the trifling occurrences of our neighbourhood when they, in any way, relate to you, your friends, or your persecutors. As Mr. Clark visited you last week he, no doubt, told you how much Mr. Davis is alarmed at your publications being read by some of his parishioners, and of his having (to use a common expression) overhauled me on that account. Mr. D., being a parson and a magistrate, fear or interest so sways the minds of most people in this place, that he scarcely knows what it is to be contradicted; seldom having more in answer than such words as "yes, Sir, certainly, Sir, you are very right, Sir, &c. &c.," and I suppose, expecting no more from me, very gravely began to tell me of the evil tendency of conversing with you, or reading your works; but I believe, he very soon found that Richard was the wrong customer, and heartily wished himself out of the hearing of one who told him far more than he wished to hear. Since that time, I find he has several times made use of my

name amongst the young people, to whom he gains access, and says they ought to be very cautious not to have any connection with one who is *an avowed heathen!* About this I am totally careless, being too well known to be hurt by it:—but to be a match for him, I kept a sharp look-out amongst his chosen few (and, I can assure you, even according to his own account that the number elected from all eternity, to sing praises to all eternity, are in Cerne, *but very few;*) yet amongst these few, I find more immorality, than in all the rest put together: as the following cases will prove.

About a month since, one of his saintly virgins was detected in a no very virgin-like situation with a married man. The matter got blown about and some of the sister saints, to screen themselves from taunts, said, she ought to be rejected. But this was against their parson's text; who says, *once elected they can never after fall;* so he undertook to settle all differences in a sermon from the pulpit! Now, he did not take his text from either of those passages where such heavy punishments are awarded to adultery; but took the following from John viii. ver. 10, and 11, "Woman, where are those thine accusers, hath no man condemned thee? She said, no man Lord! And Jesus said unto her, neither do I condemn thee, go, and sin no more."

About a fortnight after that affair, one of his principal male saints was found in bed with another man's wife, *by the husband himself.* This was directly spread in every direction, and coming to the parson's-ears, he immediately hastened to the spot to prevent, if possible, its spreading farther: and it is curious to mark the arts he made use of-to effect it. The husband and wife were both saints, so that any thing from Mr. D. was sure to be Gospel. To appease the enraged husband, he says, "You know that the *strong and lively* faith of poor Mr. F. . . . . together with his warm love of Christ, do at times overcome his reason, and it must have been in one of those fits that this happened\*." This had the desired effect of appeasing the husband! The parson continued: "and that those who have heard the tale may think it is false, I advise you and your wife to walk arm in arm to church on Sunday, and Mr. F. shall walk with me." This advice they took; but it has not prevented the tale from getting a pretty wide circulation.

This, in both cases, from what I can learn, from hearsay, is very near the truth; but neither of these cases, nor both put together in my opinion, will bear any comparison with the following for immorality, seeing it is worse than murder the merit of

\* But this failing in the male saint forms no excuse for the female saint. It does not appear, to have been a bedding from the violence of the male saint's Christian feelings; but a deliberate and mutual consent. ED.

which I believe is entirely divided betwixt Mr. Davis and his *wealthy dupe*.

A maid servant of Mrs. Digby has been for some time in what is commonly called a *low way*, occasioned by the preaching and teaching of her mistress and Mr. D. This, to them, was a sure sign she was elected to be one of the saints. I will not trouble you with the long account of her conversion: it is enough to tell you they have converted her, that is, *from a plain, honest, well-meaning country girl they have converted her into a raving maniac*, continually raving about devils, hell and damnation.

Now, Sir, was a man, from losses in trade and fear of bailiffs in the same state, would any man, during an interval of reason, assure him that it was even worse than he expected or dreaded, and that the bailiffs would soon take him and all he had? No one could be so base. Or was a young person deprived of reason by some unfortunate attachment, would a friend, as soon as there were any appearance of reason, begin expatiating on the beauty and virtues of that object which had been the cause of the malady? I say again, I do not think any human being could be so base. Yet, in the case of this unfortunate young woman this is continually done, no sooner are these symptoms of returning reason, than Mrs. D. is apprised of it, she kneels down by her side and exhorts her to join with her in prayer; that the evil spirit may leave her; that she may be able to receive the grace of Christ. This soon brings on convulsive fits; and, I every day expect to hear, that during one of these, she has paid the debt of nature\*?

This requires no comment—but in looking over these cases, does not this question present itself? If religion be not the principle cause of immorality, is it not its principal support?

Although I have penn'd thus much I cannot refrain from giving you a few lines on a lecture delivered last Monday evening at the Dissenting Chapel. The minister during his discourse, said he was sorry to find that the works of the late Thomas Paine, were read by many in this town, and particularly requested his audience never to look at them. Our principal happiness, said he, depends on our believing the Bible, and those works are of *such a nature that you cannot read them and afterwards believe the Bible*. Many people (continued he) will tell you that the Ministers themselves do not believe the Bible; now, had I the least doubt of the truth of it, I would give off preaching to morrow. There is this contradiction in what he says, he either never read the work which he tells them the nature of, or he teaches from the Bible whilst he

\* This female died on the morning after this letter was written: and all the neighbourhood conclude she was tortured to death by religion. Mrs. Digby is the relic of a an Admiral Digby.—ED.

disbelieves it, for he says, you cannot read Paine and still believe the Bible!

Yours, truly,

RICHARD HASSEL.

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TO MR. R. CARLILE DORCHESTER GAOL.

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SIR, Hull, Oct. 30, 1823.

SOME of the Newspapers announced lately, that the famous Rev. Ex-Lieutenant, G. C. Smith, of Penzance was dead. He has just been giving the inhabitants of Hull a visible proof of the falsehood of that account. So far from being dead, I assure you he has a very comely appearance, or to use a nautical phrase, which may be more to his taste, I will say, he is as fat as a porpoise. We are not to suppose however that this corpulance proceeds from his feeding on "spiritual things." No, no, depend on it, he likes good eating and good drinking as well as we poor unregenerates; and thanks to his numerous dupes, he not only likes them, but actually enjoys the good things of this world to a greater extent than we do.

Last year, after he had honoured this place with a visit and you with his abuse, he proceeded in a steam packet to Boothferry, where, with other passengers, he took the coach for Wakefield. As they had to wait a few minutes till the coach got ready, he prudently went into the excellent Inn, there to refresh himself. This occurred at about half past ten in the forenoon. "Coach ready, Gentlemen," was soon the cry, to which all the passengers paid prompt attention, except the Rev. Lusty One, who was engaged in devouring a roasted duck. The landlord, Mr. Wells, came and told the coachman and passengers that the fat gentleman had declared that he would not stir till he had finished the duck, so they good naturedly waited about ten minutes for him. He had previously taken a good substantial breakfast; but this, with "divine things" to boot, could not suffice till they arrived at Wakefield about one o'clock; no, nor with the addition of the duck, for when the coach reached another inn, he recollects, like a true "bon vivant," that good victuals deserve good drink. You may now form some idea of your terrible antagonist. He is no poor, lean ill-thriven, animal, half-terrified to death with hell, and brimstone, he says to be sure that "millions of souls are now going down to hell," but such a trifling circumstance as that, does not effect his spirits at all. He can smoke his pipe very comfortably; in-

deed he seems to be a pleasant sort of a fellow, and like his worthy associate Rev. C. Kirkpatrick (also ex-lieutenant) he is fond of "raking the devil fore and aft, getting the weather gage of him," &c. &c.

They seem to be quite enamoured of this new service of fighting against "Old Nick," and well they may, for it is bothe asy and profitable. There are no broken heads and mangled limbs in fighting with his imperial majesty the Devil, and Kirkpatrick is in no danger of losing another "fin" in the contest. That *humble Christian* is however, "*proud*" of the loss of a limb which he sustained in his late service.

The pious Editor of our "Advertiser," has omitted to record many pretty anecdotes which those two Rev. Gentlemen related. Let the world through your medium, then, have the advantage of possessing one of them at least.

"I was preaching on Tower Hill," said Kirkpatrick, "and a sailor addressed his comrade thus, 'Well Jack, what do you think of this here preacher?' 'Think Tom, why I think he preaches by steam.'"

In future, when you write about your old friend it will perhaps be proper to say, the very Rev. G. C. Smith, for he has a coach to convey him from the Chapel in the day-time as well as at night, while simple Reverends trudge on foot. You call such men Christians; I think they are impostors, Do you imagine, for instance, that the last mentioned, believes that "all liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone?" Professing to be something, and really to be so, appear to me very distinct things. I once met with a popular preacher of learning and talents, who like Smith had been drawing multitudes of women both in breeches and petticoats after him, yet he acknowledged to me and others, that he did not believe in the "nonsense" he had been preaching!

You will see by the annexed copy of a letter, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Gilbert, that I was resolved Smith's *falsehoods* respecting you should not be forgot. He attempted to justify himself, but he did it in such a miserable way, that the "Advertiser" very prudently omits noticing his defence. He likewise passes over his frantic charges of blasphemy, &c. against you. As far as regards this man himself, he is unworthy of further notice, but justice to the public demands a further exposure of him. Hear what he says himself "in support of this first of all causes (the Sailors' Society) ten poor women in a Workhouse subscribed three shillings; one of them felt about in her pocket and could find no money, but opening her snuff box, she discovered a farthing, which she cheerfully contributed!" So this generous be-nignant Christian (so called) can squeeze the money from those poor females, to enable him to pamper his guts and loll in a coach,

what humanity! I am almost fit to exclaim with a sailor who had been hearing him, "D—n him, he deserves to be put in the pillory!" It was advertised that Smith would preach in Gilbert's Chapel on Friday night; I went at the time appointed and found it locked up: whether this arose or not from my letter I cannot tell. It was opened to him on Sunday night, but Mr. Gilbert took no part in the service.

#### A LOVER OF TRUTH.

P. S. When I took up the pen I had no intention of writing so much upon such a miserable subject. If your antagonist shall call on you in his way back to Penzance, don't be alarmed. He has pledged himself not to "strike" you, although you have so cruelly detected and exposed his falsehoods and tricks: on the contrary, he is ready to "pray for you." Admirable Christian!

During the week that he has been at Hull, I have been informed, there were no less than *fourteen* different collections for religious purposes. When will the people see into the mysteries of priestcraft?

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SIR, Hull, Oct. 24, 1823.

I TOOK the liberty to send you a "Republican" containing a *curious* account of a preacher now in Hull, and by voluntarily imposing on myself a sort of penance, I had the opportunity last night of hearing his still more *curious* defence. What a defence! The *printer* had made a mistake in putting *Foreman* instead of *Shopman* of *Carlile*, and yet he spoke afterwards as if he had made the same mistake himself. He was certain, however, that it was *Carlile's* man, for he knew him. Why this shuffling? Why not name the man and his place of abode? Allowing that there is such a man, who has renounced the doctrines of Materialism, still his account of him as given in the "Advertiser" is evidently contradictory and false. His defence therefore is most lame and impotent; instead of acknowledging his errors with regard to *Carlile*, he launched forth again into invectives against him, uttering further falsehoods about him. He had the impudence to assert that *Carlile* was endeavouring to destroy every thing that was good. Is not truth good? Is not justice good? Is not temperance good? Yet so far from aiming to destroy these, and other moral excellencies, he is constantly exhorting his readers to search for the first, and practise the two last. Now, the impostor does not err from prejudice and ignorance, as he confesses he has read *Carlile's* works, he has consequently no excuse; falsehood seems to be familiar to him, that he does not hesitate to state what is evidently *untrue*: in regard to what passes before us here. He complained of the inscription on the walls in Hull by some infidels, and he *falsely*

said, that the inscription was "Read Carlyle's Works." Now there is no such inscription to be found. The inscription is, "Read Carlyle's Address to the Methodists," this the Gentlemen knew well enough, but he preferred uttering an untruth, cunningly imagining, no doubt, that he would otherwise excite curiosity in the minds of his hearers to read that Address. "A lying Christian" is a contradiction in terms. I state these circumstances to you, in order that you may consider how far your own character may be implicated by admitting into your pulpit, a man convicted of *wilfull falsehood*.

It is of little consequence to you what sort of an "ist" the writer of the present may be, but he *will* inform you what he is *not*. He likes not Materialism, Methodism, nor Calvinism, but he likes fair play amongst their various partizans, and is

Reverend Sir,

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

Rev. Mr. Gilbert.

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*Note by R. Carlyle.*—In my first notice of the *very* reverend Mr. Smith, I was upbraided with having done it harshly. Though, like Paine, I feel some difficulty in offering the complaisance to falsehood, I will now put a finish to Mr. Smith's character in a very neat manner.

On his return from Hull to London, last year, I found that he was a regular visitor at my shop when in London, and a chatter with the shopmen. The statement, which he had put forth at Hull, became a matter of conversation on his first visit; and he then declared, that he had said nothing about any of my foremen or shopmen; but that he used the words, *a man who was FOREMOST in the circulation of my publications*, and that the reporter had mistaken *foreman* for *foremost*.

On his return to Hull, in the present year, it seems, he could not deny the real story, before those who heard him, and so he has shuffled from *foreman* to *shopman*. I repeat, that I never employed any such a shopman: and I think, I have scarcely need to add, that the whole matter seems to be like the other tales which make up Christianity, a piece of invention.

This Rev. Mr. Smith has promised to call upon me last year, if he passed through Dorchester: but he knows better than to do this: for he must have passed it twice since, in going from London to Penzance and back again; or he might have done it, had he chosen the nearest road. Further he might have done it without additional expence for coach hire; for, if he mentioned when booking from London to Exeter, a passenger is allowed to stay a day at Dorchester. At least several of my friends have been so indulged.

I have no occasion to add any thing to the statement of my Hull friend: but it is but justice for me to say, that I am informed, that Mr. Smith, every where preaches against persecution for Anti-Christian publications. He has done it in London, I know from good authority. If he is given to falsehood, it affords but one more to many proofs that Christianity adds nothing to a man's moral character, it is a money-getting system; and will go to wreck the instant it ceases to be profitable. The first propagators of Christianity were men who liked roving about to preach, as Mr. Smith does, in preference to productive labour; and this has been the character of such preachers from that day to this.

I invite Mr. Smith to come and see me; and I will engage to unship his Christianity, if he has an atom of honesty about him.

R. CARLILE.

Dorchester Gaol, Nov. 3, 1823.

TO MR. R. CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL,

Potovens, near Wakefield, Oct. 26, 1823.

ESTEEMED CITIZEN,

It gives me pleasure in being enabled to transmit to you the sum of £1. 15s. being the second subscription of a few Republicans in this village and vicinity, to assist you in your laudable exertions to extend the circulation of your invaluable publications, which alone are competent to develope to the mind of man, the inutility of fostering old prejudices, and elucidate the pre-eminent principles which you so honestly and indefatigably advocate.

For truth and justice are your motives,  
Philanthropy your aim  
He is a traitor to mankind  
That does reject the same.

You, Sir, and your sister, are now suffering under a protracted incarceration for having it was said, published books to the great displeasure of Almighty God; but, who ever heard of any displeasure but to kings, priests, sinecurists, placemen, pensioners, and prosecuting gangs, whose interests are diametrically opposed to the interests of the people, and whose unmerited emoluments must terminate with the ignorance and credulity of man.

It is impossible to calculate the sum of evil which kingcraft, and priestcraft hath generated in society. The agents of these crafts exclaim, "Death to Riego," and have burnt the effigy of the Immortal Paine! Kings and priests exult at seeing their dupes in hostile array against the dearest friends of their country.

But kings and priests are all in fear  
Ignorance is their friend;  
When people freely read and think  
Their costly crafts must end.

That you, Sir, may finally cause mankind to see the utility of rejecting all fictions and expensive systems, is what all honest intelligent, disinterested men must desire to see and endeavour to accelerate.

I am, Sir, in behalf of the subscribers,

Your sincere admirer,

JOHN THOMPSON.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Periodical Subscriptions	16	3	John Ireman	1	0
Arthur Thompson, that old rogue of a Paineite, who firmly believes that priestcraft is the greatest delusion in the universe, and the mother of slavery	0	6	John Tinker	0	6
George Thompson	0	6	Joseph Orange	0	6
William Thompson	0	6	George Land	0	6
Henry Thompson	0	6	James Craven, Republican and Materialist	1	6
Benjamin Clark	1	0	James Wright	1	0
Benjamin Sykes	2	6	Francis Tinker	1	0
Squire Button	0	3	C. M. R.	2	6
			Richard Craven	0	6
			A Friend to Carlile	0	6
			Henry Pearson	1	0
			John Thompson	2	0
			Elizabeth Thompson	0	6

TO MR. JOHN THOMPSON, POTOVENS, NEAR WAKEFIELD.

CITIZEN, Dorchester Gaol, Nov. 2, 1823.  
I THANK you for this second pledge of your esteem, for the principles I am advocating. If they are not the best, their opponents are cowards; for they dare not show themselves in the field of fair discussion.

At a late Sheriff's Dinner, in the City of London, Mr. Canning met Mr. Waithman, who is to fill the office of Lord Mayor for the year ensuing. Mr. Waithman said *free discussion* was proper: and Mr. Canning said, *in seeming reply*, that it should be *fair discussion*. But I would remind this latter gentleman, that it cannot be *fair* unless it be *free*: and I wondered much that no one sat at the table bold and honest enough to tell him so. These little matters often mean a great deal, and are indicative of the dispositions of men in power: and as sure as I am writing freely to you, I have laid the foundation of *free discussion* in this country and will go on to build upon it.

Expressing my thanks to all friends in your neighbourhood—assure them that my present conduct and my life are become one and the same thing: and I will only relinquish the one with the other.

Respectfully yours,  
R. CARLILE.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT 84, FLEET STREET.

	s. d.		s. d.
Mrs. Jones, 4 Months subscription up to September 21st.	2 0 0	Mr. Turner	0 0 6
John Keane, Brinkley	0 2 6	<i>W. Tunbridge acknowledges the receipt of the following sums:</i>	
A Friend at Stepney	0 9 6	Mr. Dunn	2 6
Samuel Wilson	0 1 0	Mr. Robinson and Friends	12 6
Ethelinda Wilson	0 1 0	Thomas Shuffill	1 6
Charlotte Thompson	0 1 0	Elizabeth Boston	5 0
Thomas Shuffill, for Friend Carlile	0 1 0	Mary Ann Rhodes, daugh- ter of Joseph Rhodes, now confined in Gilt- spur Street Compter,	
W. J. for October, Mr. Carlile	0 2 0	for the Glory of God,	
Do. do. Mr. Tunbridge	0 1 0	and the honour of re- vealed religion	5 0
Do. do. Mrs. Wright	0 1 0	And 1 Pair of SHOES from Joseph Rhodes	
Maria M. Shuffill, for M. A. Carlile	0 1 0		

TO MR. GALPIN, PHÆNIX INN, DOR-  
CHESTER.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, Nov. 3, 1823.  
I HAVE been informed, by young Mr. Hassell, that you, on Saturday last, called me an "infamous villain." You are a stranger to me and I to you; therefore, I do not indulge in calling men by bad names, where I do not know them; nor have I any need to apply any opprobrious epithets to you; as your abuse of me without cause, is tantamount to an abuse of yourself.

I amuse myself in sending you the Character of a Common Brewer; and promise you, to give your name that *immortality* which you cannot acquire for yourself, by addressing to you a public letter in my weekly publication, a copy of which, as a matter of courtesy, shall be duly sent to you.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,  
RICHARD CARLILE.

P. S. I shall be glad to have an hour's visit from you after all. I promise you politeness without irony, and civility

without sarcastic reproof, just for your own confusion. I will teach you that you believe in no more of God or Devil than I do, nor yet half so much about an Almighty Power.

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### TO MY NEIGHBOUR GALPIN, A BREWER OF BAD ALE.

NEIGHBOUR,

COWPER, the Poet, has immortalized a near namesake of yours, the famous Johnny Gilpin; and, perhaps, one of your ancestors may have changed a letter of his name on that account, or Gilpin to Galpin. Though I cannot describe a journey of yours to Brentford nor Edmonton; and though, in my address to you, I must mix seriousness with humour, for Gods and Devils are both serious and humorous things to deal with, as I find by experience, I will at least, engage, that the name of Galpin, the Dorchester *brewer of bad ale*, shall not be outlived by that of the famous Johnny Gilpin, the Cockney Draper.

You have lately called me an "*infamous villain*," and have told a moral and respectable young man that you did not desire his custom, because he visited me: but I will give you the story in his words, as an extract of a letter I have just received from him:—

Mr. Galpin, the landlord at the Phœnix, yesterday called me into his tap-room. He said, he was sorry to say he had heard a character of me which he scarcely believed, as he used to consider me a well meaning young man. I said, I was not conscious of having done any thing to forfeit it.—"Not forfeit it," cried he, "why, I hear, you have been to see that *infamous villain* *Carlile up in Gaol*." I told him, I did not think he knew any one thing of Mr. Carlile which warranted his applying such epithets to his name.—"Not apply such epithets to his name (he retorted with fury depicted on his countenance), why! he does not believe there is either Devil or God!" Ah! that is only for want of knowing better, said I, in a careless tone, some of the church ministers should go and satisfy him on that point. I could say no more, he acted more like a madman than a rational being. He said, he did not want the custom of me or any one else who visited you; with a deal more of noisy vapouring, not worth notice.—After waiting till he had talked himself to a pause, I calmly left him with saying, I had not a doubt but there was a public house in the town where the landlord was not an ignorant bigot.

Perhaps, when you come to see yourself in print, you will see your own inferiority, when conversing with Mr. Hassall, who is younger than some of your children. He told you very right, when he said, I did not believe in God or Devil, for want of knowing better: this is precisely my own excuse for not believing in the existence of these frightful monsters: and if you, or any other person, parson or not, can come and prove to me that they have existence, and get me favoured with a visit from them; then I will talk about believing: but a man, who talks about believing what he know nothing at all about, is, at best, *an ignorant fool*.

I will tell you some anecdotes, Neighbour Galpin. You know I have a Gaoler; and, I dare say, you know the pleasant face of the man—a face, of which, if ever I want to caricature a Gaoler, I will get Cruikshank to take a likeness. I do not know your face, Neighbour Galpin, therefore, I cannot say whether you look sweeter or sourer than my Gaoler; but this man is like you in temper, in ignorance, and in hypocrisy. There is a trio of you, to my knowledge, in Dorchester, who are lavish in abusing me behind my back; and the third is, Joseph Pitt the Postmaster.

My Gaoler got talking about my shocking opinions, when it came back to my ears. I instantly wrote him a note, to say, that if he had a prisoner in his custody, who, to his knowledge, was the advocate of shocking opinions; and if he took no means of instructing him but brute coercion, he was morally unfit for the office which he filled. He did not answer my note; but when he saw my informant again, he said—“ You may go and tell Mr. Carlile, that I still do think his opinions shocking and diabolical.” The next day he had to visit me, with the Chaplain and Surgeon. On entering the room, I challenged him with what he had said; and told him it would be more manly to come and say to my face what he ran about saying behind my back. Well, says he, I do think your opinions shocking! Why? Because you do not believe in a God! I told him I believed in as much of a God as he did: and asked him what he knew about God! The fellow stared—and said—*why nothing to be sure, it is above human comprehension.* Well then, said I, you and I are of the same opinion; neither of us know, consequently neither of us can believe any thing about a God!—He could say nothing in answer to this. The Surgeon, to help him out, observed: But, Mr. Carlile, we are ordered to believe? Who orders you to believe?

There he stuck—and the Gaoler looked up with a grin, seeming to say—you are fast as well as myself.

This conversation led to a solicitation on their parts that they might be allowed to sit down and hear the conversation between your Parson Richman and myself. I consented: but candidly told the Gaoler that his company was not agreeable to me; though I should like him to hear the conversation for his own confusion.

Mr. Richman was introduced, and this was his second visit. At his first, it was agreed between us, that he should come again with evidences that such a person as Jesus Christ once lived. I knew well that he could produce no such evidence; and gave him a clue to the reason why, by a few observations I had written on the deficiency of Eusebius' Ecclesiastical History on that head. On stating, at his second visit, what he had promised to do: he replied. Ah! I hear you have got hold of a very good work on that subject, "Lardner's Credibility of the Gospel History;" therefore, I shall not go into the evidences, since it will be of no use, as you do not believe in a supreme being. I told him that I believed all I knew about it; and if he knew more, I would thank him to instruct me. I asked him what he knew of a supreme being; and he soon acknowledged that he knew as much as the Gaoler did. The old gentleman, at both his visits, waved all other subjects, and began to talk about *fornication!* He seemed very anxious to know all my ideas about *fornication!* I was for waving the subject; and told him, at the first visit, that I feared my Sister, who was in an adjoining room, would overhear the conversation. Ah! there, says he, there now! there you are ashamed to let your Sister hear your opinions, that shows they are not good! The old gentleman ran on with a deal of nonsense, and on his second visit, I was actually obliged to scold him more than once; but nothing could I get him to say in defence of his craft, though I begged and intreated him to do it. There were present the Gaoler, the Chaplain, and the Surgeon; to either of whom I appeal for the truth of what I state. The old gentleman, at last, went off in a pet, and said something like Festus to Paul—when I have a more convenient season I will come again. That convenient season has not yet arrived; nor do I ever expect it will.

So, neighbour Galpin, you see, that the learned Clergyman could say no more in defence of his craft, his God, and his Devil, than the Gaoler; and I should like to convince

you, that you believe nothing about God or Devil, after the manner in which you talk.

What must be thought of the many thousand parsons, who are paid to teach the Christian Religion, when, not one of them will attempt to teach it to me; because they know I can successfully oppose it? What do you think of that, Neighbour Galpin? You, I dare say, know a deal more about the contents of your bad ale, than about the contents of the Christian religion; and I know a great deal more about the contents of the Christian religion than about the contents of your bad ale. And, as I told the Gaoler, that I was much more of a religious man than he, so I tell you, that I am much more of a Christian than you: and upon the ground that I know more about Christianity than you do.

The Bishop of London was lately at Weymouth. I invited him to visit me. He came to consult with the Chaplain about it. The Chaplain told him, that "*Mr. Carlile would be satisfied with nothing short of demonstration.*" The Bishop knew that he could demonstrate nothing of what he preached—so he kept away! What do you now think of these fellows, Neighbour Galpin, you brewer of bad ale; what do you now think of that *infamous villain Carlile, who neither believes in God or Devil*: that is, mind you, such a God and such a Devil as you talk about. I believe that you were a perfect Devil when you insulted Mr. Hassell. So I believe in a Devil who is demonstrable.

I should state, that Mr. Hassell only visited you as a traveller, with a horse and light cart, his father being the Postmaster for Cerne. Had he visited you, for the sake of your bad ale, or for the company of your house, he would not be a welcome visitor to me.

Your hostility towards me might have arisen from knowing that I am the opponent of your bad-ale-brewing craft, as well as your devil-craft. You probably know well, that I drink no ale; that I denounce the practice of wasting time and means and character in such houses as yours; that I look upon your public houses as schools for every species of vice and crime; and that I would abolish all beyond what were necessary for the convenience of travellers. This might be the cause of your hostility towards me; and if this be not the cause, all your notions of infamy in me are groundless. I will tell you what I am doing.

I AM STUDIOUSLY SEEKING TO UNRAVEL ALL THE WEBS OF SOPHISTRY AND IMPOSTURE WHICH INJURE MANKIND. I declare to you, Neighbour Galpin, saying nothing about

your bad ale, that the whole of my infamy ; the whole of that rascality which Joseph Pitt, the Dorchester Postmaster, imputes to me ; the whole of that villainy which he and you jointly impute to me ; amounts to that labour which I have described to you, as the task I have imposed upon myself. I want to make such men as you and Joseph Pitt, and my Gaoler, and Visiting Magistrates wiser, better, and less like devils. I want to draw the labouring man and the tradesman out of such haunts as you keep open for them. I desire to see them applying all their means to mutual and general improvement. I desire to see the existing and future amount of knowledge equalized among mankind : and this is the only species of equality that I do desire : because, I know, that from this equal knowledge, equal laws, equal happiness and something like an equality of property would necessarily result ; without any kind of preying upon the property of each other.

And now, my bonny Johnny Gilpin ; I beg pardon—I mean Johnny Galpin—my bonny landlord, who sells bad ale and cherishes the devil, because he is a brother landlord, and keeps a public house in the other world—welcoming all comers, entrapping all stragglers, harbouring all rogues, and associating with all that is truly villainous—how exactly like an English landlord ! I now take my leave of you ; and I hope, that if you do not visit me in this Gaol, when I visit Dorchester, I shall find you a wiser and better man—less of a devil—thinking less about the devil—selling better ale or none at all—and more careful how you abuse a man who can smile at your abuse—how you talk of a man who can improve you and make you sensible of your own ignorance, and who subscribes himself, though abused, willing to become your friend if he can do you any good.

RICHARD CARLILE.

TO MR. JAMES WATSON, HOUSE OF CORRECTION,  
COLD BATH FIELDS, LONDON.

SIR,

For your exertions in the cause of free discussion, I beg your acceptance of the enclosed Five Pound note.

I am, Sir, your sincere Friend,

“AN ENEMY TO PERSECUTION.”

James Watson returns thanks to his unknown friend, “An Enemy to Persecution,” for his liberal donation of Five Pounds.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A PACKET for James Hall, and one for Philanthropos, have been forwarded to London. We have received the corrections from Philanthropos for his two last Characters: and have also received corrections from Mr. Ross, of errors sent in the last Leeds subscription; but we must decline noticing these trivial errors, as there would be no end to *errata* if all were noticed under the present disadvantages attending the conducting of this publication. We corrected for Dr. Rudge because he was an opponent: and because the sense of a whole sentence was changed by the printer.

“Palmer’s Principles of Nature” is now on sale at 2s. When we publish at very low prices, to suit the pockets of the poor with our moral publications, we find the Vice Society and the Attorney General do not prosecute. We are just beginning to understand what they want, and shall pay particular attention to their wishes, rather than lose larger profits in prosecutions.

“The New Trial of the Witnesses” (the Aberdeen Manuscript, the best Christian pamphlet that was ever printed) is now on sale at 2s. 6d. Every Christian should read this

pamphlet. It proves that the major part of the tenets of Christianity have no foundation in the New Testament, and that the author of Paul's Epistles was the chief cause of the extensive spread of the existing spurious Christian tenets.

"THE MORALIST" which has been long promised and long looked for will *come* at last. The first No. would have appeared this week, had we not waited the casting of a new fount of type for it. It will be printed on a fine foolscap paper, in small type, and is intended to form pocket volumes, and a standard work of the first importance. In addition to original essays, peculiarly suited to the present state of morals and manners, it will eventually embrace all the moral sayings of former writers, not even forgetting the morals of the Bible! This work shall exhibit the whole amount of moral sentences to be found in the Bible, which we expect will not be worth above sixpence!

Any person who may have any odd Nos. 1 or 3, Vol. 1  
Republican; or any Nos. 2 and 6 of the Mock Trial of R.  
Carlile will do us great service to send them to 84, Fleet  
Street as we cannot make up another set for want of these  
Nos. Full price will be given for them, so as they are per-  
fect, whether soiled or not.

Printed and Published by R. CARLILE, 84, Fleet Street.—All Correspondences for "The Republican" to be left at the place of publication.